BRED IN THE BONE

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

ON THE prairies the wind has full sweep. It chants ceaseless dirges. It moans and shrieks and whistles, dies down to a whisper, rises once more and wails.

Across the prairies of southern and eastern Kansas vast fields of wheat wave in the wind, varied by acres of yellow, rustling corn, meadows of alfalfa and clover, fresh from a soil so loamy that one might thrust one's arm down elbow deep into its blackness and touch no clay, but beyond, nearer the Colorado line, vegetation is stunted, the black soil assumes an ashy look, gaunt cattle browse upon the parched prairie grasses, and the smart cottages of the east give place to huts.

In one of these huts, about which the wind howled incessantly, rocking it to its inefficient foundation, an old woman stood slowly pressing her gaunt hands together and looking, her heart in her eyes, at a creature who huddled close to the open fire, shivering.

He was a pitiful object. His clothing was in rags, his shoes were worn until the toes protruded, and his head was clean shaven, while his hands, transparent and emaciated, trembled weakly as he spread them out to the blaze, fanned by the wind, which crept whistlingly up through the wide cracks of the crumbling hearth.

The old woman suddenly opened her arms. She made as if she would have clasped him in them. Instead she pressed her hands nervously together once more and spoke.

"You ain't had nothin to eat," she said. "You're hungry, ain't you?"

"Yes," he answered.

She hastened to the fireplace and fumbled with the pots and pans.

"He's walked such a long way," she muttered, "and he's hungry, of course. Why didn't I think of that before?"

As she prepared his meal she glanced at him again and again. Her old eyes, peering through the network of wrinkles surrounding them, gloated over him.

"I ain't blamin you, Jamie," she said by and by. "Don't think I am blamin you. It wa'n't your fault. How could you help what was bred in the bone? You did what your father did before you. It was bred in the bone."

He was silent. His hollow eyes followed her hungrily as she set the plate, knife and fork on the table. He crouched nearer the fire, his shaven head turned, watching her.

"The good Lord himself couldn't blame you for what was bred in the bone," she went on falteringly. "How could he? Like father, like child. He was a thief, and you—oh, Jamie!"— She broke off with a sob, though her eyes were dry. They were too old for tears. "You've walked so far, dearie, haven't you? You are tired, ain't you? I know you are tired."

She hovered over him.

"I ain't blamin you for what's bred in the bone," she reiterated. "I ain't blamin you."

By this time she had prepared his food and set it on the table. Rising, he made his way to it with lagging and weary footsteps and took the chair she had placed there. She pushed it nearer to the table and passed her wrinkled hands over his stooped shoulders.

"There, now," she said, "eat," and she watched him while he ate.

He ate his fill. He devoured his food, snatching at it like an animal. She refilled his plate again and again. She poured out his coffee and sweetened it for him as if he were a child. She hovered over him as a hen would hover over her one chick, tenderly, broodingly, caressing him with her eyes.

"It ain't been all very long seems like since you were a little child, Jamie," she mused. "all huddled up in my arms. That was when we were among the best, before he—before it all happened and we took to hidin out here on the prairie with the wolves and the coyotes—before he left me. If he had only taken me with him, but he wouldn't. He left me."

Suddenly he dropped his fork and listened. The rays from the candle on the table lit up his frightened eyes.

She also raised her head, listening.

"Don't be scared," she said soothingly. "It's only the wind a-howlin and a-whistlin."

A shutter blew to.

"You see," she added, "it's only the wind."

She again filled his cup.

"Even after he went I had you, Jamie, and the good Lord knows I'm glad to have you, for it." She stroked his sleeve. "I'm glad to have you, for it," she repeated.

"And you wouldn't leave me, Jamie, never no more. If they come, I'll hide you so's they can't find you. You won't leave me, for it, will you, will you?" she implored.

He shook his head and continued to eat voraciously.

She pressed her hand upon the shaven head, and her lips moved silently.

"I ain't complainin, Jamie," she said presently, "but it's the lonesomeness of it and the wind. If it wasn't for the wind, I could get along. Listen how it blows. It never quits blowin. Sometimes I'm afraid," her voice sank to a whisper; "I'm afraid it will get into my brain and addle it. Some days I can't think, it blows so. Listen now!"

From far away across the prairie the wind came soughing. It moaned and mouned. It rushed nearer. Its moan grew louder. It developed into a shriek. It shook the unsheltered hut. It wrenched the shutters apart and flung them to again. Then it died away in an unceasing moan.

The man turned livid. He dropped his knife and fork and sprang to his feet.

"Listen!" he cried.

Along with the sigh of the wind there came the sound of horses' hoofs beating upon the hard turf of the prairie.

"They are after me!" he panted hoarsely. "They found the cell empty, and now they are after me. Hide me! Hide me!"

And he was like a little child again, clinging to her skirts.

"Go to the cellar," she commanded, grasping his shaking shoulders and pushing him forward, "and stay there."

She unlocked the back door and shoved him out.

"You'll find the openin close to the side of the house," she told him. "Go there and stay. They won't think there's a cellar to this little old hut. I won't let them find you, Jamie. They shan't except over my dead body."

She caught his sleeve as he started forward.

"Whatever you do, Jamie," she begged, "don't go and leave me. Promise me you won't go and leave me. I can't stand the lonesomeness of it and the wind."

"I promise," he said, and, impatiently wrenching himself loose from her hold, he disappeared into the darkness.

She went back inside the hut.

Impatient fists pounded upon the door. Sharp voices demanded that she open it.

She lifted the key and stood looking vacantly at the men as they clanked in.

"Is James Rankin here?" they demanded to know.

"'James Rankin?'" she repeated.

One of the men laughed.

"Yes, James Rankin," said he. "Did you ever hear of him before? He is your son and an escaped convict."

A long shudder shook her.

"'An escaped convict,'" she repeated.

"Yes! an escaped convict, and we have come to arrest him. Where is he?"

She did not answer. With difficulty she kept her eyes away from the back door of the hut, through which the convict had again escaped.

"If it wa'n't for the wind," she muttered, "and the lonesomeness of it, I could get along."

The leader threw out his hands in an impatient gesture.

"She is foolish," said he. "Now that I think of it, somebody said she was foolish. Come, we will ransack the hut."

The old woman muttered incoherently as one after the other the men passed the door which led to the way of the

"HE IS NOT HERE!"

cellar. She suppressed a cry when one opened it and looked out, shrinking back against the wall in a convulsed and grateful heap as he shut it again.

"I guess there's nothing out there but the wind," said he.

"That's all," she assented eagerly. "Nothin but the wind."

She beat her old hands together as she listened to the wind shrieking and howling now with demoniac fury. Its shrieks and howls were music in her ears.

For once it had befriended her.

The men paid no attention to her. It was quite evident that she was foolish; as some one had said. Unsuccessful in their search, they grouped themselves together in the center of the room, wondering at the cleverness of the convict, tracked as he had been to the very door.

"He is not here. That is one thing certain. We are wasting our time here looking for him."

They opened the door and filed out. The wind, rushing in, fanned the candle to a flicker. The old woman shut and locked it after them, stood in the middle of the room a moment waiting, then made her way stealthily out the back door toward the cellar.

She listened until the horses' hoofs had died away, then she flung wide the cellar door.

"Jamie," she cried, "come out! They're gone! They're gone!"

There was no response. She peered in. It was too dark to discern anything there without the aid of a light.

She returned to the hut and, finding a match, went back into the cellar. She scratched the match on the stone wall. The light illumined her eager face and her dim, narrow, hungry eyes. It also illumined the rude interior.

It was empty.

The match dropped from her nerveless fingers to the floor. It flickered there for a moment, then went out.

She crept feebly up the steps and stood outside, at the mercy of the wind.

Sweeping across the wide belt of the purple prairie, it made merry with her,

HE WAS A PITIFUL OBJECT.

It caught at her skirts and tore them. It tangled itself in her gray hair, unloosed it from the comb and flung it about her upturned face and across her eyes, lifted questioningly to the quiet of the stars glimmering so tranquilly above all earthly tempests, whether they be of winds or storms or sorrows.

Then, tired of toying, it sighed and moaned and sighed and moaned, died away, sighed and moaned and died away again.

Dickens' London.

As we jog along or walk by turns we come to Buckingham street and, looking up at Alfred Jingle's lodgings, say a grateful word of Mr. Pickwick, says Kate Douglas Wiggin in The Atlantic. We tell each other that much of what we know of London and England when we come to it seems to have been learned from Dickens.

Deny him the right to sit among the elect if you will, talk of his tendency to farce and caricature, call his humor low comedy and his pathos bathos, though you shall say none of these things in my presence unchallenged, but the fact remains that every child, in America at least, knows more of England—its almshouses, debtors' prisons and law courts, its villages and villagers, its beadles and cheap jacks and hostlers and coachmen and boots, its streets and lanes, its lodgings and inns and landladies and roast beef and plum pudding, its ways, manners and customs—knows more of these things and a thousand others from Dickens' novels than from all the histories, geographies, biographies and essays in the language.

Where is there another novelist who has so peopled a great city with his imaginary characters that there is hardly room for the living population as one walks along the streets?

The Land of Lorna Doone.

Blackmore knew thoroughly the region of which he wrote, and when he speaks of a locality he gives it its true name and nearly always describes it exactly as it is. There is Blundell's school at Tiverton, for instance, which the boy John Ridd is attending in the first chapter. You find its "gray stone walls" and near the Lowman stream there today, giving perfectly the impression of the story.

The school building sits far back in an open grassy yard which is entered by a heavy barred iron gate, the very gate where John and his mates stood watching for the passing of the troopers when one of the lads, accidentally or otherwise, struck John "very sadly in the stomach part" and thus led to the fight on the "ironing box." This "ironing box" is a triangle of turf where two paths meet at the far end of the green near the school building. It has continued through the passing years unchanged; and were it not that the building is now a private residence I have no doubt the youngsters would have their listicuffs there just as of old.—Harper's Bazar.

Knew What He Wanted.

An autograph hunter who was very anxious to obtain the signature of the poet Campbell adopted the familiar stratagem. Having come across a line in one of his poems the meaning of which appeared to be obscure, he wrote a short note to the author, asking him to interpret the words in question.

He received the following laconic reply: "Sir—In return to your note I send you my autograph. Thomas Campbell."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Satan and Idiots.

Browll—It's very difficult to get one's income up to one's expenses, isn't it?

Smith—Yes, but it isn't half so difficult as to get one's expenses down to one's income.—Puck.

SHIPPING NEWS

The Carrollton is taking on ballast.

The Maui came over again this week, on the Claudine route.

The advertiser reports 20 merchantmen in port at Honolulu.

The tides at Kahului, and Hilo occur about an hour earlier than at Honolulu.

The bark, Amy Turner, Warland, 11 days from San Francisco, with general merchandies, arrived at Hilo, Oct. 2.

The kona storm of last few days has caused a very heavy surf to break at Kahului.

The Rio de Janeiro, with foregin mail steamed into Honolulu just as the Maui was steaming out.

The Robert Hinds is loading sugar at Kahului, and will probably leave for the coast about Tuesday.

The U. S. Army Transport, Hancock, reached Honolulu from San Francisco, on Monday last.

Hawaiian Standard Time is 10h, 30m slower than Greenwich time, being that of the meridian of 157 30.

The United States steamer Adams will leave Santa Barbara for the Islands about the middle of this month.

The schooner John G. North reports what appeared to be a wreck, in latitude 36. 37 north, longitude 122 west.

Shipping men have little faith that the ship Wachusetts, now out 153 days from Newcastle, for Kahului, will ever reach her destination.

The Fanny Adele had trouble with the Japanese crew on her recent trip to Kauai. At Eleele landing the crew struck, but when given the the alternative to either return to the ship and go to work or go to jail, they chose the former proposition. There was a dispute with the obstreperous little fellows. First Mate Johnson got into an altercation with one of them and was obliged to retreat to the ship's boat to avoid being mobbed by the balance of the crew.

Chief Officer Bruguire of the transport Hancock has been transferred to the same position on the transport Grant. Second Officer Goodell has been promoted to chief officer on the Hancock, Third Officer Anchors to second officer, and Fourth Officer McLaughlin to third officer. Third Officer Peterson of the Grant has been made second officer on the Sheridan, and Fourth Officer Maloney of the Sheridan is appointed third officer of the Grant.

SEATTLE, Sept. 18.—The schooner Carrier Dove of eighty-three tons, arrived in this port Thursday night, completing one of the longest voyages on record for a sailing craft of her size.

Vessels in Port--Kahului

Am. Bk. Carrollton, H. E. Jones, from Tacoma. Coal

Am. Sch. R. R. Hinds, J. S. Hellingsen from S. F. Mdse

Expected.

Sch H. C. Wright from S. F.
Sch Dora Bluhm from S. F.
Bk Columbia from Tacoma.
Sch Mary Dodge from Tacoma
Sch S. T. Alexander from Tacoma

Honolulu Postoffice Time Table.

DATE	NAME	FROM
Oct. 2	America Maru	Yokohama
" 9	Rio de Janeiro	San Francisco
" 9	City of Peking	Yokohama
" 10	Moana	San Francisco
" 12	Alameda	Colonies
" 17	Coptic	San Francisco
" 19	Gaelic	Yokohama
" 24	America Maru	S. F.
" 24	Adrangi	Colonies
" 24	Australia	San Francisco
" 27	Miowera	Victoria, B. C.
" 27	Hongkong Maru	Yokohama

For

Oct. 2	Australia	San Francisco
" 2	America Maru	S. F.,
" 9	Rio de Janeiro	Yokohama
" 9	City of Peking	S. F.
" 10	Moana	Colonies
" 12	Alameda	San Francisco
" 17	Coptic	Yokohama
" 19	Gaelic	San Francisco
" 24	Athenica Maru	Yokohama
" 24	Aorangi	Victoria, B. C.
" 27	Miowera	Colonies
" 27	Hongkong Maru	S. F.
" 30	Australia	San Francisco